

(No. 1.)

LXXXV c. 1.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD.** 11786.e.1

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1800.

ACT I.

CORONATION ANTHEM. Zadock, the priest. *Handel.*
OVERTURE. (Semele.) *Handel.*
SONG and CHORUS. } (King Arthur.) *Purcell.*
Come, if you dare. }
SONG. What tho' I trace. (Solomon.) *Handel.*
TRIO and CHORUS. Qui pacem amatis. *Steffani.*
RECIT. O filial piety. }
SONG. No, no, cruel father. } (Saul.) *Handel.*
CONCERTO 1st. *Martini.*
SONG. Ombre! larve! (Alceste.) *Gluck.*
CHORUS. O God, who in thy. (Joseph.) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE.
SONG & CHORUS. O sing unto the. } (Anthem) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Let the heavens. }
SONG. O Lord, have mercy upon me. *Pergolesi.*
CHORUS. Wretched lovers. (Acis & Galatea) *Handel.*
CANZONETTA. Solitario bosco. *Handel.*
CONCERTO 11th. (Grand.) *Handel.*
MADRIGAL. Dissi all amata. *Luca Marenzio.*
SONG. Dove sei. (Rodelinda.) *Handel.*
GRAND CHORUS. Hallelujah. (Messiah.) *Handel.*



ACT I.

ANTHEM.

Handel.

ZADOCK the priest, and Nathan the prophet,
anointed Solomon king: and all the people rejoiced,
and said, God save the king — long live the king —
may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.

OVERTURE. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON, and CHORUS.
(KING ARTHUR.) *Purcell.*

Come, if you dare,
Our trumpets sound :
Come, if you dare,
The foes rebound.
We come, we come,
Says the double beat
Of the thund'ring drum.

Now they charge on amain :
Now they rally again ;
The gods from above
The mad labour behold ;
And pity mankind
That will perish for gold.

The fainting Saxons
Quit their ground :
Their trumpets languish
In the sound.
They fly ! they fly !
 Victoria !
The bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run ;
Then return to our lasses,
Like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils
Of the vanquish'd invaders.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

81-7

What though I trace each herb and flow'r
That drinks the morning dew ;
Did I not own Jehiova's pow'r,
How vain were all I knew !

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Steffani.*

Qui pacem amatis
Jam bella parate ;
Pugnando certando,
Quietem sperate.

AIR. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Nunquam erit in pace locus
O mortalis ! nisi mundo
Devicto inferno superato ;
Sparso nubiem horrore,
Longe turbinum terrore ;
Tunc ridebit solis fax.
Si potentis de bellati,
Cadent hostes profligati ;
Tunc regnabit alma pax.

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Pax est munus bellatoris :
Contra hostes arma sonet
Fremet ira, tela tonent
Prodiēt pax sinu furoris.

CHORUS.

Qui pacem amatis
Jam bella parate ;
Pugnando, certando.
Quietem sperate.

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

O filial piety! O sacred friendship!
How shall I reconcile you?
Cruel father, your just commands I always have
obey'd;
But to destroy my friend; the brave, the virtuous,
the godlike David;
Israel's defender, and terror of her foes;
To disobey you, what shall I call it?
'Tis an act of duty to God; to David; nay, indeed
to you.

SONG.

No, no, cruel father, no;
Your hard commands I can't obey;
Shall I, with sacrilegious blow,
Take pious David's life away!
No, no, with my life I must defend
Against the world, my best, my dearest friend.

CONCERTO 1st.

Martini.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte
 Non vi chiedo, non voglio pietà
 Se vi tolgo l'amato consorte
 Abbandono una sposa fedel
 Non mi lagno di questa mia sorte
 Questo cambio non chiamo crudel
 Ombre! Larve! compagne di morte
 Non v'offenda sì giusta pietà.
 Forza ignota che in petto mi sento
 M'avvalora, mi sprona al cimento,
 Di me stessa più grande mi fa.

Da Capo.

CHORUS. (JOSEPH.) *Handel.*

O God, who in thy heav'nly hand
 Dost hold the hearts of mighty kings,
 O'take thy Jacob and his land
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings!
 Thou know'st our wants before our pray'r,
 Then let us not confounded be;
 Thy tender mercies let us share,
 O Lord, we trust alone in thee.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (ANTHEM.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON, and CHORUS.

O SING unto the Lord a new song ; sing unto the
Lord all the whole earth.

CHORUS.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad ;
let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is.

C

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Pergolesi.*

O Lord! have mercy upon me, for I am in trouble;
my strength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in thee, O Lord! I have
said, Thou art my God.

CHORUS. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Wretched lovers, fate has past
This sad decree; no joy shall last.
Wretched lovers, quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme;
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run fright'ned to the shores,
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

CANZONETTA. Mr. HARRISON. *Handel.*

Solitario bosco ombroso,
A te vien' afflitto cor,
Per trovar qualche riposo
Nel silenzio e nel orror.

Ogni ogetti ch' altrui piace
Per me lieto piu non è ;
Ho' perduto la mia pace,
Son' io stesso in odio a me.

CONCERTO 11th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON,
Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Luca Marenzio.

Dissi all' amata mia
Lucida stella
Che più d'ogn' altra luce
Ed al mio cor adduce
Fiamme, strali e catene,
Ch' ogn' hor mi danno pene;
Deh! morirò cor mio?
Sì, morirai,
Ma non per mio desio.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (RODELINDA.) *Handel.*

Dove sei, amato bene?
Vieni l'alma a consolar.
Son oppressa da tormenti,
Ed i crudi miei lamenti,
Sol con te posso bear.

Da Capo.

GRAND CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handet.*

Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom
of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign
for ever and ever.

King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah.

END OF THE FIRST CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the following are the Days on which the Concerts will be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday	5th of February.
_____	2,	_____	12th of Ditto.
_____	3,	_____	19th of Ditto.
_____	4,	Friday . . .	28th of Ditto.
_____	5,	Wednesday	5th of March.
_____	6,	_____	12th of Ditto.
_____	7,	_____	19th of Ditto.
_____	8,	_____	26th of Ditto.
_____	9,	_____	2d of April.
_____	10,	_____	23d of Ditto.
_____	11,	_____	30th of Ditto.
_____	12,	_____	7th of May.



(No. 2.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Esther.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
DOUBLE CHORUS.	Your harps and. (<i>Solomon.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	Where e'er you walk. (<i>Semele.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
QUARTET & CHORUS.	Concinamus.	<i>Reading.</i>
SONG.	Non so d'onde.	<i>Bach.</i>
CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3.		<i>Geminiani.</i>
TRIO & CHORUS.	Disdainful of. (<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	Se pur cara. (<i>Alceste.</i>)	<i>Gluck.</i>
DOUBLE CHORUS.	The Lord. (<i>Israel in Egypt.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Occasional Oratorio.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	Pleasure, my former. (<i>Time & Truth.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS.	Great is Jehovah.	} <i>Marcello.</i>
TRIO and CHORUS.	And with songs.	
SONG.	Pious orgies. (<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 5th.	(<i>Grand.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT.	My cup is full.	} (<i>Joshua.</i>) <i>Handel.</i>
SONG.	Shall I in Mamre's.	
CHORUS.	For all these mercies.	
MADRIGAL.	Flora gave me.	<i>Wilbye.</i>
SONG.	Verdi prati. (<i>Alcina.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT.	'Tis well ; six times.	} (<i>Joshua</i>) <i>Handel.</i>
MARCH.		
AIR and CHORUS.	Glory to God.	



ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(ESTHER.)

Handel.

CHORUS.

YOUR harps and cymbals sound
To great JEHOVAH's praise :
Unto the Lord of Hosts
Your willing voices raise.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

Where e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade ;
Where e'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where e'er you turn your eyes,

Da Capo.

QUARTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON,
Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN. *Reading.*

Concinamus! O sodales!
Eja! quid silemus!
Nobile canticum
Dulce melos, Domum
Dulce Domum resonemus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Appropinquat ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

B

(6)

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Ridet annus; prata rident
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit domum
Daulius advena
Nosque domum repetamus.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SOLI.

Musa libros mitte fessa;
Mitte pensa dura;
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium,
Me mea mittito cura.

CHORUS.

Domum, domum! dulce domum!
Dulce domum resonemus.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. *Bach.*

Non so d'onde viene
Quel tenero affetto
Quel moto che ignoto
Mi nasce nel petto ;
Quel gel che le vene
Scorrendo mi v`a
Sono a destarmi
Sì fieri contrasti,
Non parmi che basti
La sola piet`a.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 1st. Op. 3. *Geminiani.*

TRIO and CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe,
That thy power, O Jehovah ! all nations may know.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Se pur cara è a me la vita,
E per te mio dolce amor ;
Ah per te mi sia rapita !
E morirò felice allor.

T'amerò sino alla morte,
Fin colà fra l'ombre eterne,
D'una tenera consorte,
Trionfar vedrassi il cor.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

For the horse of PHAROAH went in with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea. And the LORD brought again the waters of the sea upon them: but the children of ISRAEL went on dry land in the midst of the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

And MIRIAM the prophetess, the sister of AARON, took a timbrel in her hand: and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances: and MIRIAM answered them,

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Sing ye to the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously:

The horse and his rider hath HE thrown into the sea.

CHORUS.

The LORD shall reign for ever and ever.

DOUBLE CHORUS.

I will sing unto the LORD, for he hath triumphed gloriously:

The horse and his rider hath HE thrown into the sea.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

OVERTURE. (OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

(TIME AND TRUTH.) *Handel.*

PLEASURE, my former ways resigning,
To Virtue's cause inclining,
Thee, Pleasure, now I leave:
Lest when my spirits fail me,
Repentance can't avail me,
Nor sickness comfort give.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Marcello.

Great is Jehovah and highly to be praised.

TRIO. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT, Mr. HARRISON, and
Mr. BARTLEMAN, and CHORUS.

And with songs I will celebrate the name of Jeho-
vah most high.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON, (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Pious orgies, pious airs,
Decent sorrow, decent prayers,
Will to the Lord ascend, and move
His pity, and regain his love.

CONCERTO 5th.

(GRAND.)

Handel.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

My cup is full, how blest is this decree;
How can my thanks suffice, the Lord, in Thee.

SONG.

Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain,
The remnant of my days remain?
And is it giv'n to me to have
A place with Abraham in the grave?
For all these mercies I will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'n's high King.

CHORUS.

For all these mercies we will sing,
Eternal praise to Heav'n's high King.

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT,
and BARTLEMAN. *Wilbye.*

Flora gave me fairest flowers,
None so fair in Flora's treasure:
These I plac'd in Phillis' bower;
She was pleas'd, and she's my pleasure,
Smiling meadows seem to say,
Come, ye wantons, here to play.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCINA.) *Gluck.*

Verdi prati, e sèlve amene
Perderete la beltà.
Vaghi fior, correnti rivi,
La vaghezza, la bellezza
Presto in voi si cangerà.
E cangiato il vago oggetto.
All'orror del primo aspetto
Tutto in voi ritornerà.

Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. NEILD. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

'Tis well ! Six times the Lord hath been obey'd,
Low in the dust the town shall soon be laid ;
Now the seventh sun the gilded domes adorns,
Sound the shrill trumpets, shout, and blow the
horns.

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MARCH.

AIR and CHORUS.

Glory to God! the strong cemented walls,
The tott'ring tow'rs, the pond'rous ruin falls:
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heav'n thunders, tempests roar, and groans the
ground. *Da Capo.*

END OF THE SECOND CONCERT.



(No. 3.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of DARNLEY.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. This day a solemn. } (Samson.) Handel.

CHORUS. Awake the trumpet's.

SCENE in L'ALEGRO. (Il Pensieroso.) Handel.

SESTETTO. In braccio a te la. (Justin.) Handel.

CONCERTO 2d. (Oboe.) Handel.

PORTUGUEZE HYMN. Adeste fideles.

SONG. Arise ye subterranean winds. (Tempest.) Purcell.

CHORUS. For unto us a Child.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY. } (Messiah.) Handel.

RECIT. There were shepherds.

CHORUS. Glory to God.

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (Ptolomy.) Handel.

RECIT. O worse than death. } (Theodora.) Handel.

SONG. Angels ever bright.

CHORUS. No more to Ammon's. (Jephthah.) Handel.

SONG. Rendì il sereno. (Sosarmes.) Handel.

CHORUS. He gave them. (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.

CONCERTO 1st. Corelli.

SCENE IN BONDUCA. Hear; ye Gods. Purcell.

SONG. Non vi turbate, nò. (Alceste.) Gluck.

CHORUS. Worthy is the Lamb. (Messiah.) Handel.

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.

UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF
The East of DARNWELL

County of Darnwell



ACT I

SCENE I. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE II. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE III. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE IV. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE V. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)

ACT II

SCENE I. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE II. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE III. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE IV. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)
SCENE V. The day of the year.
CHORUS. (Sung by the company.)

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(SAMSON.)

Handel.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

THIS day, a solemn feast to DAGON held
Relieves me from my task of servile toil;
Unwillingly their superstition yields
This rest: to breathe heaven's air, fresh-blowing, pure,
And sweet.—

CHORUS OF THE PRIESTS OF DAGON.

Awake the trumpet's lofty sound;
The joyful sacred festival comes round,
When DAGON, king of all the earth, is crown'd.

SCENE IN L'ALLEGRO. (IL PENSIEROSO.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound;
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still, removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers, thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

RECIT. Master ELLIOTT.

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Let me wander, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green;
Where the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Or, let the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

CHORUS.

And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail.
Thus pass'd the day, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd to sleep.

SESTETTO. Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON,
 Master ELLIOTT, Messrs. Wm. KNYVETT,
 HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN, (JUSTIN.) *Handel.*

In braccio a te la calma,
 Del cor, del sen, del alma,
 Mia caro al fin godrò.
 In braccio a te mia vita,
 Già lieta amor m'invita,
 Chi più bel di miro?
 Mi rese il tuo valore
 M'accumolo l' onore
 Tutta { la pace al cor }
 { la gloria al cor }
 Rinasce il se col d'or
 Siam lieta in questo giorno
 E sparga il suon d'intorno
 Che doppio oscuro velo
 Risplende chiaro il Cielo
 E da la pace al cor.
 Cessate le procèlle
 Amiche abbiam le stelle,
 Dell' fato abbiam la palma
 Godiam felice calma
 Rinasce il se col d'or.

CONCERTO 2d. (OBOE) *Handel.*

HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

The Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes
Venite in Bethlehem,
Natum videte regem angelorum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo, lumen de luminæ
Gestant puellæ viscera:
Deum verum, genitum non factum,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo, qui natus die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria,
Patris æterni, verbum caro factum;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc Io! chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium;
Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (TEMPEST.) *Purcell.*

Arise ye subterraneous winds,
 More to distract their guilty minds :
 Arise ye winds, whose rapid force can make
 All but the fix'd and solid centre shake.

Come drive these wretches to that part o'th' isle,
 Where Nature never yet did smile ;
 Cause fogs and damps, whirlwinds and earthquakes
 there,
 There let them howl, and languish in despair ;
 Rise, and obey the pow'rful Prince o'th' air.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is
 given, and the government shall be upon his shoul-
 der : and his name shall be called Wonderful, Coun-
 sellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the
 Prince of Peace.

PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

There were shepherds, abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

RECIT. accompanied.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid :

RECIT.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not ; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people : for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

RECIT. accompanied.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

C

ACT II.

OVERTURE. (PTOLOMY.) *Handel.*

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

O WORSE than death indeed! Lead me, ye guards,
Lead me, or to the rack, or to the flames;
I'll thank your gracious mercy.——

SONG.

Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care;
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white. *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

No more to Ammon's God and King,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
In dismal dance around the furnace blue,
Chemosh no more
Will we adore
With timbrel'd anthems to Jehovah due,

SONG. Mr. HARRISON, (SOSARMES.) *Handel.*

Rendi il sereno al ciglio,
Madre, non pianger più.
Temer d'alcun periglio,
Oggi come puoi tu? *Da Capo.*

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He gave them hailstones for rain; fire mingled
with the hail ran along upon the ground.

CONCERTO 1st. *Corelli.*

SCENE FROM BONDUCA.

Purcell.

AIR. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Hear! ye Gods of Britain, hear us this day,
Let us not fall the Roman eagle's prey;
Clip, clip their wings, or chase them home,
And check the tow'ring pride of Rome.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Divine ANDATE! President of war,
The fortune of the day declare,—
Shall we to the Romans yield?
Or shall each arm that wields a spear,
Strike it through a massy shield,
And dye with Roman blood the field?

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Mr. BARTLEMAN,
and CHORUS.

To arms! your ensigns straight display,
Now set the battle in array;
The Oracle for war declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears.
Britons, strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs,
Fight, and record yourselves in Druids' songs.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ALCESTE.) *Gluck.*

Non vi turbate, nò
Pietosi Dei!
Se a voi m' involero
Qualche momento.
Anche senza il rigor
De voti miei
Io morirò d'amor,
E di contento.

D

CHORUS.

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever! Amen.

END OF THE THIRD CONCERT.

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



(No. 4.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD,**
For Lord Viscount **FITZWILLIAM.**

Concert of Antient Music,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

RECIT. Behold the nations.

CHORUS. O Baal, Monarch.

RECIT. No more, ye infidels.

CHORUS. Lord of eternity.

DUET & CHORUS. Caro, Bella. (*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*

SONG. La dolce compagna.

De Majo.

TRIO 5th.

Handel.

RECIT. 'Tis done, thus I exert.

SONG. Heart, the seat of.

CHORUS and SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads.

DUET. Saldi marini.

ANTHEM. The King shall rejoice.

(*Deborah.*) *Handel.*

(*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*

(*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*

(*Messiah.*) *Handel.*

Steffani.

Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. (*Saul.*) *Handel.*

CHORUS. Gloria in excelsis.

Pergolesi.

SONG. A morir se mi condanna.

De Majo.

CHORUS. The depths have. (*Israel in Egypt.*) *Handel.*

RECIT. Di quali ordite.

SONG. Ingannata una sol.

CONCERTO 2d.

(*Agrippina.*) *Handel.*

Ricciotti.

SONG. D'aspri legato indegni. (*Il Pellegrino.*) *Hasse.*

MADRIGALE. Chi mai d'inique stella. *Buononcini.*

SONG. Donzelle semplici.

(*Iphigenia.*)

Gluck.

CHORUS. Gloria Patri.

(*Jubilate.*)

Handel.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD,
For Lord Viscount WILLIAM



Committee of Management

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1856

ACT I.

OVERTURE
RIGHT. Behold the nation.

CHORUS. O God, Monarch,
RIGHT. No more we stand

CHORUS. A nation of slaves,
RIGHT & CHORUS. To the King of Kings

SONG. In the name of the Lord,
TRIO. Oh

RIGHT. Pardon, the Lord,
SONG. Hail, the new day

CHORUS. THE NEW CHORUS
The up your heads

DUET. Behold now
ANTHEM. The King shall reign

ACT II

OVERTURE AND DEUTERARCH
CHORUS. Glads in country

SONG. A nation in country
CHORUS. The land of the living

SONG. The land of the living
CHORUS. The land of the living

SONG. The land of the living
CHORUS. The land of the living

SONG. The land of the living
CHORUS. The land of the living

SONG. The land of the living
CHORUS. The land of the living

PRINTED BY HENRY LEE, STATIONER, &c.

(3)

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(DEBORAH.)

Handel.

RECIT. Mr. SALE.

BEHOLD the nations all around,
 What God-like Baal is renown'd?
 To him your stubborn tribes would bow,
 Did but the slaves their duty know.

CHORUS.

O Baal! monarch of the skies,
 To whom unnumber'd temples rise!
 From thee the sun, immensely bright,
 Receiv'd his radiant robes of light:
 By thee with stars the heavens glow,
 The ocean swells the rivers flow;
 The vales with verdure are array'd,
 The flow'rs perfume the thicket's shade:
 And 'tis by the event confess'd,
 Thy votaries alone are bless'd.

RECIT. Mr. LEETE.

No more, ye infidels, no more !
False is the God whom ye adore ;
A dull, brute idol, whose detested shrine
None but such wretches can believe divine.

CHORUS.

Lord of eternity ! who hast in store
Plagues for the proud, and mercy for the poor ;
Look down, look down, from thy celestial throne,
And let the terrors of thy wrath be known !
Plead the just cause, thy awful pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy servants, and confound their foes !

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master ELLIOTT.

(JULIUS CÆSAR.)

Handel.

Cleo. } *Caro.*
Ces. } *Bella.*

Più amabile beltà
Mai non si troverà
Del tuo bel volto.

In me } Non splenderà
In te } Ne amor ne fedeltà.

Da te } Disciolto,
Dame }

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Ritorni ormai del nostro core
La bella gioia ed' il piacer.
Sgombrato è il sen d'ogni dolore
Ciascun ritorni ora a goder.

DUET.

Un bel contento il sen già si prepara
Se tu sarai costante ogn'or per me,
Così sortì dal cor la doglia amara
E sol vi resta amor, costanza, e fè.

Da Capo.

SONG. Mr. NIELD.

De Majo.

La dolce compagna
Vedersi rapire,
Udir che si lagna
Condotta à morire,
Son smanie, son pene
Che opprimono un cor.
Se ardire, e costanza
Dal ciel non mi viene ;
Mi manca costanza
Per tanto dolor.

Da Capo.

TRIO 5th. *Handel.*

RECIT. Miss JACKSON.

(ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

'Tis done; thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

SONG.

Heart, the seat of soft delight;
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood:
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose
The bubbling fountain, lo, it flows;
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love.

CHORUS. (MESSIAH.) *Handel.*

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The LORD, strong and mighty, the LORD mighty
in battle.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up,
ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall
come in.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who is the King of Glory?

SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

FULL CHORUS.

The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of Glory.

DUET. Mr. HARRISON and Madame BANTI. *Steffani.*

Saldi marmi che coprite
Del mio ben l'ignuda salma
Ch'ogni di, più in mezz' all'alma
La mia fede stabilite,
Che ne dite?
Deggio al nuova desire
Oppore il vostro gelo
O pur morire?

RECIT. Madame BANTI.

Così Fille dicea,
Del suo perduto bene ;
Rivolta un giorno
Alle bellezze estinte.
Vissella di Fileno
Lunga stagione
In fortunati amori :
Ma già le bionde Ariste
Quattro volte divise
Avea dal suolo
Del curvo mietitor
La falce adunca ;
Da ch' ei scendendo a morte
Tra solitarj ardor
Lasciolla in vita.

Non vantar mai tra tanto
 Lacci un crin,
 Risi un labro,
 O strali un ciglio
 Onde il suo cor fedele
 O piagato, o invaghito,
 O avvinto fosse,
 Mostrolle al fine il caso
 Ne' begl' occhi di Tirsi
 Del amato Filen
 Mille sembianze :
 Onde fatta incapace
 Di resister al bel
 Ch' amò una volta ;
 Risoluta d'amare
 Ancora un dì ;
 Parlando a pensier suoi,
 Disse così ;

DUET.

Incostanza ! e che pretendi ?
 Amerò, sì, ch' amerò.
 So ben io come si può
 Cangiar amanti.
 E non cangiar gl' incendi.

ANTHEM.

Handel.

The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord ;
exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation.

Glory, and great worship hast thou laid upon him ;
thou hast prevented him with the blessings of good-
ness, and hast set a crown of pure gold upon his
head.

HALLELUJAH.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE and DEAD MARCH. (SAUL.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

Pergolesi.

GLORIA in excelsis; Deo gloria
Et in terra pax.
Hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

D

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *De Majo.*

A morir se mi condanna,
La tiranna ingrata sorte ;
Ah ! si cada almen da forte,
Senza un' ombra di viltà.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

The depths have covered them; they sank into the
bottom as a stone.

CHORUS.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in
power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces
the enemy.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (AGRIPPINA.) *Handel.*

Di quali ordite trame
Ingannata son io!
Gia, gia comprendo
Le tue frodi Agrippina;
Per toglier ad Ottone,
Di Cesare tall'or
Mi deludesti —
Ver Nerone è scoperto
Il superbo pensier
Che ti lusinga:
Nel duol non m'abbandonano!
Se vendetta non fò
Popea non sono!

SONG.

Ingannata una sol volta
Esser posso—ma, non più.
Quando crede, il cor ascolta;
Ma, scoperta poi la frode,
Fassi sordo, e più non ode
Chi mandace un giorno fù. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 2d. *Ricciotti.*

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (IL PELLEGRINO.) *Hasse.*

D'aspri legato
Indegni nodi,
In mille modi
Da crude mani
Straziato in brani,
Quì immaginatevi
Gesù mirar.

Al suon gemevano
Delle percosse
Impietositi
Le volte e i muri:
Sol quei carnifici
Pietà non mosse ;
Di questo marmo
Ahi ! duro al par.

Da Capo.

MADRIGALE.

Buononcini.

Chi mai d'iniqua stella
Provò tenor più rio
Che vide mai del mio
Più tormentato cor.
Tradito son da quella
Che fù la prima oh Dio!
Da ch'imparò il cor mio
A sospirar d'amor.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (IPHIGENIA.) *Gluck.*

Donzelle semplici, no, non credete
A quelle lagrime che voi vedrete
Su gli occhi spargersi del traditor:
Più che son flebili i suoi sospiri;
Più par che s'agiti, e che deliri,
Meno quel perfido commosso ha il cor.
Ah! per defendervi contro quell' Empio.
Donzelle semplici, vi sian d'esempio
E le mie smanie, e il mio rossor.

E

CHORUS. (JUBILATE.) *Handel.*

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

END OF THE FOURTH CONCERT.

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



(No. 5.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of **CHESTERFIELD,**
For Lord **GREY DE WILTON.**

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and CHORUS. (*Acis & Galatea.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. The mighty master. } (*Alexander's Feast*) *Handel.*
SONG. Softly sweet. }
CHORUS. O quanto bella gloria. (MS.) *Handel.*
SONG. Odi grand 'ombra. *De Majo.*
CONCERTO (*from Select Harmony.*) *Handel.*
ANTHEM. Hear my pray'r. *Kent.*
SONG. Vo solcando. *Vinci.*
THE PASSIONS. (*Solomon.*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

OVERTURE & ANTHEM. O come let us sing. *Handel.*
RECIT. Folle è Colui. } (*Ætius.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Nasce al bosco. }
CONCERTO 8th. *Corelli.*
MADRIGAL. Since first I saw. *Ford.*
RECIT. Berenice ove sei. } (*Lucio Vero.*) *Fomelii.*
SONG. Ombra che pallida. }
CHORUS. Fix'd in his everlasting. (*Samson.*) *Handel.*

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



OVERTURE

○

HAPPY

HAPPY

For the first time
For the first time
For the first time
And how is it

For the first time
For the first time

5

De Capo

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

CHORUS.

O THE pleasures of the plains !
Happy nymphs, and happy swains,
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flow'rs display their hue.

For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine ;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And Autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Master ELLIOTT.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The mighty master smil'd to see,
That LOVE was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For PITY melts the mind to LOVE.

SONG.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd the soul to pleasures.

CHORUS. (MISCELLANEOUS MS.) *Handel.*

O quanto bella gloria,
E' quella del cacciator.
Hà sempre la vittoria,
Nè vinto è dall' amor :—
O quanto bella gloria,
E' quella del cacciator.

SONG.

Mr. NIELD.

De Majo.

Odi grand' ombra, e placati,
Qual flebile contento,
Fan d'Alessandro i gemiti,
Al publico lamento
Che mai non può mentir !
Oimè ! che a tante lagrime,
Ai doni, alle preghiere,
Sorde sù gli aspri cardini,
D'aide le porte nere,
Più non si sanno aprir !

CONCERTO. (FROM SELECT HARMONY.) *Händel.*

ANTHEM.

Kent.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Miss JACKSON.

Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my petition.

AIR.

Take heed unto me, and hear me, how I mourn in my prayer, and am vexed.

RECIT.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

DUET and CHORUS.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away, and be at rest.

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

Vinci.

Vo solcando un mar crudele,
Senza vele, e senza sarte ;
Freme l'onda, il ciel s'imbruna,
Cresce il vento, e manca l'arte,
E il voler della fortuna
Son costretto a seguir,
Infelice in questo stato
Son da tutti abbandonato :
Meco è sola l'Innocenza
Che mi porta a naufragar.

Da Capo.

THE PASSIONS.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SOLOMON.) *Handel.*

Sweep, sweep the strings, to soothe the royal fair,
And rouse each passion with th' alternate air.

AIR and CHORUS.

Music, spread thy voice around,
Sweetly flows the lulling sound.

AIR and CHORUS.

Now a different measure try,
Shake the doom and pierce the sky;
Rouse us next to martial deeds,
Clanking arms and neighing steeds
Seem in fury to oppose—
Now the hard-fought battle glows.

RECIT and CHORUS.

Then, at once, from rage remove,
Draw the tear from hopeless love;
Lengthen out the solemn air,
Full of death and wild despair.

(9)

RECIT.

Next the tortur'd soul release,
And the mind restore to peace.

AIR and CHORUS.

Thus rolling surges rise,
And plough the troubled main ;
But soon the tempest dies,
And all is calm again.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

C

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

(ANTHEM.)

Handel.

CHORUS.

O COME let us sing unto the LORD, let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms. For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all Gods.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON.

O come let us worship and fall down, and kneel
before the Lord our Maker.

For HE is the Lord our God, and we are the sheep
of his pasture, and the people of his hand.

O come let us worship, and fall down, before
the LORD our Maker.

CHORUS.

Glory and worship are before HIM, power and
honour are in HIS sanctuary.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON.

O magnify the LORD, and worship him upon his
holy hill.

For the LORD our God is holy.

O magnify the LORD, and worship him upon his
holy hill.

SONG and CHORUS.

Tell it out among the Heathen that the LORD is
King, and that he made the world so fast, that it can-
not be moved.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ÆTIUS.) *Handel.*

Folle è Colui,
Che al tuo favor si fida
Instabile fortuna
Pur troppo o sorte infida.

SONG.

Nasce al bosco in rozza cuna,
Un felice pastorello,
E con l' aure di fortuna,
Giunge i regni a dominar.
Presso al trono in regie fasce
Sventurato un altro nasce,
E fra l'ire della sorte,
Va gli armenti a pascolar.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 8th.

Corelli.

MADRIGAL.

Mrs. HARRISON, Messrs. HARRISON, KNYVETT,
and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, no! my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (LUCIO VERO.) *Fomelli.*

Berenice, ove sei?
 Qual lugubre apparato
 Di Spavento, e di lutto!
 Qual di tenebre ed'ombre
 Reggio dolenti e fiera!
 Forse quì di Tieste
 Si rinovan le Cene? o langue il giorno
 Fuggitivo così, perche tra queste
 Soglie funeste, oh Dio!
 Trucidato morì l'Idolo mio?
 Ahimè! sogno o son desta?
 Odo—o parmi d'udir—la voce—il pianto—
 Del moribondo Sposo!—ahi son pur questi
 Gemiti di chi langue
 Singulti di chi spira—E quell' oscura
 Caligine profonda,
 De là s'inalza, e mostra
 Non so qual simulacro a gli occhi miei—
 Quella—si quella—oh Dei già la ravviso,
 E del mio Volageso
 L'ombra mesta e dolente:
 Ah barbaro Tiranno!
 Il mio sposo uccidesti
 Io non m'inganno.

SONG.

Ombra che pallida
Fai qui soggiorno;
Larva che squallida
Mi gira intorno
Perchè mi chiami?
Che vuoi de me?
Se pace brami
Ombra infelice
In Berenice no, pace non v'è.

CHORUS. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

Fix'd in his everlasting seat,
JEHOVAH rules the world in state,
Great DAGON rules the world in state,
His thunder roars, heav'n shakes, and earth's aghast.

The stars with deep amaze,
Remain in stedfast gaze.
Great DAGON is, of Gods, the first and last.
JEHOVAH is, of Gods, the first and last.

END OF THE FIFTH CONCERT.

THE Subscribers are respectfully informed, that the
following are the Days on which the Concerts will
be performed this Season :

Concert	1,	Wednesday	5th of February.
_____	2,	_____	12th of Ditto.
_____	3,	_____	19th of Ditto.
_____	4,	Friday . . .	28th of Ditto.
_____	5,	Wednesday	5th of March.
_____	6,	_____	19th of Ditto.
_____	7,	_____	26th of Ditto.
_____	8,	_____	2d of April.
_____	9,	_____	23d of Ditto.
_____	10,	_____	30th of Ditto.
_____	11,	_____	7th of May.
_____	12,	_____	14th of Ditto.



(No. 6.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH.	(<i>Scipio.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
DUET. T'amo, si sarai tu quello.		<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. For ever blessed.	{ (<i>Jephthah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Theme sublime.		
SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE.		<i>Purcell.</i>
CONCERTO 4th.	(<i>Oboe.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. O Father, whose.	(<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SESTETTO. Pleasure submits.	(<i>Time & Truth.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. Nel chiuso.	{ (<i>Cantata.</i>)	<i>Pergolesi.</i>
SONG. Euridice, e dove sei.		
SCENE from IL PENSIEROSO.		<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.	{ (<i>Joshua.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
Ye sons of Israel.		
SONG. Cara sposa.	(<i>Rhadamistus.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
FIRST MOVEMENT.	(<i>Te Deum.</i>)	<i>Graun.</i>
RECIT. Me, when the sun.	{ (<i>Il Pensieroso.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Hide me from day's.		
CONCERTO 4th.	(<i>from his Trios.</i>)	<i>Martini.</i>
SONG. Lord, to thee.	(<i>Theodora.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
MADRICAL. Will you know.		<i>Lawes.</i>
SONG. Grazie agl'inganni tuoi.		<i>Metastasio.</i>
CHORUS. Gird on thy sword.	(<i>Saul.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.

THE LANCET OF (WESTMINSTER)



OVERSTREET (LONDON)

PRINTED BY J. H. COLEMAN

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1850

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ACT I.

OVERTURE and MARCH. (SCIPIO.) *Handel.*

DUET. Miss JACKSON and Master ELLIOTT.
Handel.

J. T'AMO si sarai tu quello
Solo caro solo bello
Al mio guardo ed al mio cor.

S. T'amo sì, e più m'appago
Ch'aver soglio
Ch'esser vago
Se son caro al tuo bel' cor.

J. Te sol bramo,

S. Te sol amo,
Mio diletto,
Tutto affetto,

Both. Dolce metà del mio amor.

Da Capo.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

For ever blessed be thy holy name, Lord God of
Israel.

CHORUS.

Theme sublime of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways;
And thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

SCENE from TYRANNIC LOVE. *Purcell.*

Solo Parts by Mrs. HARRISON;

Messrs. HARRISON, W.KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN

Hark! my Daridcar! hark! we're call'd below;

Let us go to relieve the care
Of longing lovers in despair:

Merry we sail from the east,

Half tipp'd at the rainbow feast;

In the bright moonshine, whilst the winds whistle
loud,

Tivy, tivy, we mount, we fly, all racking along in a
downy white cloud;

And lest our leap from the sky should prove too far,
We'll slide on the back of a new falling star.

But now the sun's down, and the element's red,
The spirits of fire against us make head ;

They muster like gnats in the air :

Alas ! I must leave thee, my fair,

And to my light horsemen repair.

Oh ! stay, for you need not to fear 'em to-night ;

The wind is for us, and blows full in their sight,

And o'er the wide ocean we fight.

Like leaves in the autumn our foes will fall down,

And hiss in the water and drown.

But their men lie securely intrench'd in a cloud,

And a trumpeter hornet to battle sounds loud ;

All mortals that spy

How we tilt in the sky,

With wonder will gaze,

And fear such events as will ne'er come to pass.

Stay you to perform what the fates would have done ;

Then call me again when the battle is won.

QUARTET and CHORUS.

So ready and quick is a spirit of air

To pity the lover, and succour the fair,

That silent and swift the little soft god

Is here with a wish, and gone with a nod.

B

CONCERTO 4th. (OBOE.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

O Father, whose almighty power
The heavens, and earth, and seas adore!
The hearts of Judah, thy delight,
In one defensive band unite;
And grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer, born to save!

SESTETTO. (TIME AND TRUTH) *Handel.*

Mrs. HARRISON, Miss JACKSON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

Pleasure submits to pain,
As day recedes from night;
And sorrow smiles again,
As Time sets all things right.

Thus are the seasons chang'd,
And all in turn appear;
In various order rang'd,
Throughout the whole revolving year. *Da Capo.*

RECIT.

Madame BANTI.

Pergolesi.

Nel chiuso centro, ove ogni luce assonna,
 Allor che pianse in compagnia
 D'Amore, della smarrita donna
 Seguendo l'orme per ignota via,
 Giunse di tracia il Vate.
 Al suo dolore qui sciolse il freno,
 A rintracciar pietate :
 E qui nel muto orrore, in dolci accenti,
 All' alme sventurate,
 Sulla cetra narrando i suoi tormenti,
 Temprò la pena, e debellò lo sdegno.
 Del barbaro Signor del cieco regno.

SONG.

Euridice ! e dove sei !
 Chi m'ascolta ? chi m'addita ?
 Dov' è 'il sol degl' occhi miei ?
 Chi farà che torni in vita ;
 Chi al mio cor la renderà ?

SCENE from IL PENSIEROSO. *Handel.*

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale ;
And love the high embowed roof
With antique pillars' massy proof,
And story'd windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light.

CHORUS.

There let the pealing ORGAN blow
To the full-voic'd choir below,
In service high and anthems clear ;

SOLO. Mrs. HARRISON.

As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into ectasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes !
These pleasures, MELANCHOLY, give
And I with Thee will choose to live.

CHORUS.

These pleasures, MELANCHOLY, give,
And we with Thee will choose to live.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

INTRODUCTION and CHORUS.

(JOSHUA.)

Handel.

YE sons of Israel, every tribe attend,
Let grateful songs and hymns to heaven ascend ;
In Gilgal and on Jordan's banks proclaim
One first, one last, one great Jehovah's name.

C

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (RHADAMISTUS.) *Handel.*

Cara sposa, amato bene
Prendi spene
Che non sempre irato il cielo
Volgerà lo sdegno in me.
Sgombro oh Dio, dal nobil core,
Il dolore;
Che'l vederti lagrimare,
Fà tremar lo spirto è'l pie.

Da Capo.

FIRST MOVEMENT. (TE DEUM.) *Graun.*

CHORUS.

Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur,
Te æternum Patrem, omnis terra, veneratur.

SOLI.

Tibi omnes angeli, Tibi cœli et universæ potestates:
Tibi cherubim et seraphim incessabili voce procla-
mant.

CHORUS.

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth:
Pleni sunt cœli et terra majestatis gloria tuæ.

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON.

(IL PENSIEROSO.)

Handel.

Me, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves :
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

SONG.

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee, with honey'd thigh,
Which at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :
And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
Then, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath ;
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

CONCERTO 4th. (FROM HIS TRIOS.) *Martini.*

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

Lord, to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we sing and pray;
Though convulsive rocks the ground,
And thy thunders roll around,
Still to Thee, each night and day,
Strong in hope, we sing and pray. *Da Capo.*

MADRIGAL. (SIX VOICES.) *H. Larves.*

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT, Messrs. Wm.
KNYVETT, HARRISON, BARTLEMAN, and SALE.

Will you know my mistress' face ?

'Tis a garden full of roses,
Where the spring in ev'ry place
White and blushing red discloses :
'Tis a paradise where all
That attempt the fruit must fall.

Her peerless form next would you know ?

'Tis a ship with proud sails swelling,
From the rudder to the prow,
In due proportions all excelling ;
But the foolish man that steers,
Tells his compass by his fears.

Shall I now her mind declare ?

Ah ! tis fraught with war's devices,
Parley'ng still with semblance fair,
It the Lover near entices ;
Then her eyes give fire, and all
Within level helpless fall.

SONG.

Madame BANTI.

Parole e Musica

di Metastasio,

Grazie agl'inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro o Nice !
Alfin d'un' infelice
Ebber gli Dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci suoi,
Sento che l'alma è sciolta ;
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà.

Io lascio un' incostante ;
Tu perdi un cor sincero ;
Non so di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a consolar.
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice :
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E' facile a trovar.

CHORUS.

(SAUL.)

Handel.

Gird on thy sword, thou man of might,
Pursue thy wonted fame;
Go on, be prosperous in fight,
Retrieve the Hebrew name.
Thy strong right hand; with terror arm'd,
Shall thy obdurate foes dismay ;
While others, by thy virtue charm'd,
Shall crowd to own thy righteous sway.

END OF THE SIXTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January 1801*, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
DARNLEY,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 19th, 1800.



(No. 7.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of UXBRIDGE.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.	(<i>Ariadne.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Avert these omens.	(<i>Semele.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. He shall feed his flock.	(<i>Messiah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
TRIO and CHORUS. But as for me.		<i>Marcello.</i>
SONG. O beauteous queen.	(<i>Esther.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CONCERTO 2d.	(<i>Grand.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Haste thee, nymph.	{ (<i>L'Allegro.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
CHORUS. Haste thee, nymph.		
SESTETTO. Dominus a dextris.		<i>Pergolesi.</i>
SONG. Ti parli in seno.	(<i>Farnace.</i>)	<i>Perez.</i>
CHORUS. Immortal Lord.	(<i>Deborah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

ACT II.

OVERTURE.		
RECIT. acc. Comfort ye.	{ (<i>Messiah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Every valley.		
CHORUS. And the glory.		
RECIT. Ye sacred priests.	{ (<i>Jephthah.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Farewel ye limpid.		
CHORUS. Fall'n is the foe.	(<i>Judas Macc.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
RECIT. But who is he.	{ (<i>Joshua.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>
SONG. Awful pleasing being.		
CONCERTO 2d.	(<i>from his Solos.</i>)	<i>Geminiani.</i>
MADRIGAL. Let me careless.		<i>Linley.</i>
SONG. Rasserena il mesto.		<i>Gluck.</i>
AIR & CHORUS. O Lord.	(<i>Dettingen Te Deum.</i>)	<i>Handel.</i>

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



ACT I.

OVERTURE. (ARIADNE.) *Handel.*

CHORUS. (SEMELE.) *Handel.*

AVERT these omens, all ye pow'rs!
Some god, averse, our holy rites controuls;
O'erwhelm'd with sudden night the day expires!
Ill-boding thunder on the right hand rolls;
And Jove himself descends in show'rs
To quench our late propitious fires.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT and Miss JACKSON:

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest.

Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

TRIO and CHORUS.

Marcello.

Mr. HARRISON, Mr. Wm. KNYVETT,
and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

But as for me I walk in mine integrity :
O deliver me, and be gracious unto me.
My foot standeth right :
I will praise the Lord in the congregations.

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (ESTHER.) *Handel.*

O beauteous Queen, unclosethose eyes,
My fairest shall not bleed :
Hear Love's soft voice that bids thee rise,
And bids thy suit succeed.
Ask, and 'tis granted ; from this hour,
Who shares our heart shall share our pow'r.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 2d. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

SONG. Mr. PAGE. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest, and youthful jollity ;
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE'S cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides ;
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

CHORUS.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest, and youthful jollity ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides ;
And Laughter, holding both his sides.

SESTETTO.

Pergolesi.

Mrs. HARRISON, Miss JACKSON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, BARTLEMAN, and SALE.

Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ suæ
Regis: judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas,
Conquassabit capita in terrâ multuorum; de torrente
In viâ bibet; propterea exaltabit caput.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (FARNACE.) *Perez.*

Ti parla in seno amore
Per l'innocente figlio;
Ma ti favelli al core
L'offessa maestà.
Alla pria che fra ritorte
Sia nel vicin periglio,
Guidalo in braccio a morte;
Questa è per lui pietà.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

(DEBORAH.)

Handel.

Immortal Lord of earth and skies,
Whose wonders all around us rise ;
Whose anger, when it awful glows,
To swift perdition dooms thy foes :

O grant a leader to our host,
Whose name with honour we may boast ;
Whose conduct may our cause maintain,
And break our proud oppressor's chain !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE.

(MESSIAH.)

Handel.

RECIT. accomp. Mr. HARRISON.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God ; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem ; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord : make straight in
the desert a highway for our God.

SONG.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low : the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together ; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

C

RECIT. Mrs. HARRISON. (JEPHTHAH.) *Handel.*

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were
stain'd

With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call
Of Heaven with humble resignation I obey;

SONG.

Farewel, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads, and mazy woods!
Farewel, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain!

Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

CHORUS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

Fall'n is the foe ; so fall thy foes, O Lord,
When warlike JUDAS wields his righteous sword.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN, (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

But who is he ; tremendous to behold ;
A form divine, in panoply of gold ;
With dignity of mein and stately grace,
He moves in solemn slow majestic pace.
His auburn locks his comely shoulders spread,
A sword his hand, a helmet fits his head ;
His warlike visage and his sparkling eye,
Bespeak a Hero, or an Angel nigh.

SONG.

Awful pleasing Being say,
If from Heav'n thou wing'st thy way ?
Deign to let thy servant know
If a friend, or pow'rful foe.

CONCERTO 2d. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON,

Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, BARTLEMAN,
and SALE. *T. Linley.*

Let me, careless, and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all the wanton boughs dispute;
And the more tuneful birds replying,
Till my DELIA with her heav'nly song
Silence the wanton boughs, and birds that sing
among.

SONG. Madame BANTI.

Gluck.

Rasserena il mesto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte;
Vò con lieta, e fausta sorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

SOLO. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.

(DETTINGEN TE DEUM.)

Handel.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be
confounded.

END OF THE SEVENTH CONCERT.

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January* 1801, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by
CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
DARNLEY,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 19th, 1800.



(No. 8.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of DARNLEY.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(*Berenice.*)

RECIT. acc. Now strike.

CHORUS. Break his bands.

RECIT. acc. Hark! hark!

SONG. Revenge, Timotheus.

DUET. My faith and Truth.

CHORUS. Venus laughing.

CONCERTO 1st.

TRIO. The flocks shall leave. (*Acis & Galatea.*)

CHORUS. See the conquering. (*Judas Macc.*)

RECIT. O loss of sight.

SONG. Total eclipse.

CHORUS. O first created.

RECIT. acc. But bright Cecilia.

CHORUS. As from the pow'r.

(*Alex's Feast.*)

(*Samson.*)

(*Theodora.*)

(*Grand.*)

(*Acis & Galatea.*)

(*Judas Macc.*)

(*Samson.*)

(*Dryden's Ode*)

Handel.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2d. Op. 8.

DUET and CHORUS. Fear no danger.

MADRIGAL. Fair, sweet, cruel.

RECIT. Euridice ah questo.

SONG. Che faro senza.

CONCERTO 2d.

MUSIC in the TEMPEST.

VERSE and CHORUS. Rule Britannia.

Martini.

Purcell.

Ford.

(*Orfeo.*) *Gluck.*

Corelli.

Purcell.

Dr. Arne.

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(BERENICE.)

Handel.

RECIT. acc. Mr. HARRISON.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.)

Handel.

NOW strike the golden lyre again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a ratt'ling peal of thunder.

CHORUS.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouse him like a peal of thunder.

RECIT. accomp.

Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise;
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their ear,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand:
Those are Grecian ghosts
That in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.

Da Capo.

DUET. Miss TENNANT and Master ELLIOTT.

(SAMSON.)

Handel.

My faith and truth, O SAMSON, prove ;
But hear me, hear the voice of Love :
With Love no mortal can be cloy'd,
All happiness is Love enjoy'd.

Her faith and truth, O SAMSON, prove,
But hear her, hear the voice of Love.

CHORUS. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

VENUS, laughing from the skies,
Will applaud her votaries :
When seizing the treasure,
We revel in pleasure,
And revenge sweet love supplies.

CONCERTO 1st. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

TRIO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. NIELD, and Mr.
BARTLEMAN. (ACIS AND GALATEA.) *Handel.*

Acis & Galat. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

Not show'rs to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee ;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

Polypheme. Torture, fury, rage, despair !
I cannot, cannot bear ;
Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly,
Die, presumptuous ACIS die.

CHORUS of YOUTHS. (JUDAS MACC.) *Handel.*

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

See the godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance ;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

FULL CHORUS.

See the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums ;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

MARCH.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (SAMSON.) *Handel.*

O loss of sight ! of thee I most complain !
O worse than beggary, old age, or chains !
My very soul in real darkness dwells.

SONG.

Total eclipse ! no sun, no moon !
All dark amidst the blaze of noon !
O glorious light ! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day !
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree ?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me !

CHORUS.

O first created beam, and thou great word !
Let there be light ! and light was over all ;
One heav'nly blaze shone round this earthly ball !
To thy dark servant life by light afford.

RECIT. acc. Mrs. HARRISON.

(DRYDEN'S ODE)

Handel.

But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was giv'n :
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
Mistaking earth for heav'n.

AIR and CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above :
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

}

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

OVERTURE 2d. Op. 8.

Martini.

DUET. Miss JACKSON and Miss TENNANT.

and CHORUS.

Purcell.

FEAR no danger to ensue,
The hero loves as well as you;
Ever gentle, ever smiling,
And the cares of life beguiling: *Da Capo.*
Cupids strew your paths with flowers,
Gather'd from Elysian bowers. *Da Capo.*

MADRIGAL. Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, and BARTLEMAN. *Ford.*

Fair, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me?
Go not, oh! go not from thy dearest;
Tho' thou dost hasten, I am nigh thee,
When thou seemest far, then I am nearest;
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.
Fie, fie, sweetest, here is no danger,
Fly not, oh! fly not, Love pursues thee;
I am no foe, nor hostile stranger,
Thy scorn with fresher hope renews me:
O! tarry then, and take me with thee.

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (ORFEO.) *Gluck.*

10 / Euridice ! ah ! questo nome
San le spiagge e le selve,
L'appresero da me :
Per ogni valle Euridice risuona ;
In' ogni tronco scrisse
Il misero Orfeo, infelice.
Ah perduto idol mio !
Cara Euridice !

SONG.

Che farò senza Euridice,
Dove andrò senza il mio ben
Euridice ! oh Dio rispondi !
Io son pure il suo fedel :
Oh non vi avanza piu soccorso,
Piu speranza ne del mondo,
Ne del Ciel.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 2d.

Corelli.

MUSIC in the TEMPEST.

Purcell.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And there take hands ;
Foot it featly here and there,
And let the rest the burthen bear.

CHORUS.

Hark ! hark !
The watch dogs bark :
Hark ! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.

CHORUS.

Around, around we pace
About this cursed place ;
While thus we compass in
These mortals and their sin.

SONG. Mr. Wm. KNYVETT.

Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones is coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

CHORUS.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell ;
Hark ! now I hear them, ding dong bell.

QUARTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. SALE.

Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry ;
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's beam
From the presence of the sun,
Follow darkness as a dream :
Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire ;—
Merrily, merrily, shall we live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

AIR. Miss JACKSON.

Halcyon days, now storms are ending
You shall find whene'er you sail ;
Tritons all the while attending,
With a kind and gentle gale ;
Safely guard you to the shore,
And your peace and joy restore.

Da Capo.

CHORUS.

No stars again shall hurt you from above,
But all your days shall pass in peace and love.

SONG, VERSE, and CHORUS. *Dr. Arne.*

When Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main ;
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke :
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
To work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair ;
Bless'd Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

END OF THE EIGHTH CONCERT.

E

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January* 1801, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
DARNLEY,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 19th, 1800.



(No. 9.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

The Earl of DARNLEY,
For Lord Viscount FITZWILLIAM.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(*Otho.*)

RECIT. acc. Hence! loathed.

RECIT. acc. Hence, vain.

SONG. Come, thou goddess.

SONG. Come rather, goddess.

RECIT. Thus, Night oft.

CHORUS. Populous cities.

RECIT. If I give thee.

SONG. Mirth, admit me.

SONG & CHORUS. These.

DUET. As steals the morn.

CONCERTO 6th.

(*Grand.*)

QUINTET. & CHORUS. Doni Pace. (*Flavius.*)

RECIT. Such Jephthah was.

CHORUS. When his loud voice.

(*L'Allegro ed
Il Pensieroso.*)

Handel.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. (*from his Solos.*)

Geminiani.

GLEE. Gently touch the.

Geminiani.

SONG. Dryads, Sylvans.

CHORUS. Lo! we all attend. (*Time & Truth*)

Handel.

FIRST PART of MACBETH.

Locke.

CONCERTO 11th.

Corelli.

SECOND PART of MACBETH.

Locke.

CHORUS. The many rend. (*Alex's Feast.*)

Handel.

SONG. Posso morir. (*Arminius.*)

Handel.

CHORUS. How excellent. (*Saul.*)

Handel.



Handel

Overture

RECIT. ACC. MR. HARRISON (L. Allegro) Handel

HENCE: Mr. Harrison

Of Carbone

In 20 years

Amongst horses

Find out

Where brooding

Add these

There are

As traced

In date

...

...

...

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(OTHŌ.)

Handel.

RECIT. acc. Mr. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

HENCE! loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings:
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

RECIT. acc. Mrs. HARRISON. (IL PENSIEROSO.)

Hence, vain deluding joys,
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams ;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. (L'ALLEGRO.)

Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne ;
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister-graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (IL PENSIEROSO,)

Come rather, goddess, sage and holy ;
Hail divinest Melancholy !
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight ;
Thee, bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (L'ALLEGRO.)

Thus Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
'Till unwelcome morn appear.

AIR and CHORUS.

Populous cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men ;
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold ;
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

If I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To listen how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouze the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing shrill.

SONG. Mr. NIELD, and CHORUS.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live,

DUET. Miss TENNANT and Mr. HARRISON.

(IL MODERATO.)

As steals the morn upon the night
And melts the shades away,
So Truth does Fancy's charms dissolve,
And rising reason puts to flight
The fumes that did the mind involve,
Restoring intellectual day.

CONCERTO 6th. (GRAND.) *Handel.*

QUINTETTO.

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN,
and CHORUS. (FLAVIUS.)

Doni Pace ad ognì core
Quella gioia che spari
E cessato or il dolore
Goda ogn' alma in questo dì. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JEPHTHAH.)

Such Jephthah, was the haughty King's reply,
No terms but ruin: slavery or death.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

Sound then the last alarm;
And to the field, ye sons of Israel, with intrepid hearts:
Dependent on the might of Israel's God.

CHORUS.

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command;
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confined by that great power
That gave them strength to roar;
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

GLEE.

Geminiani.

Harmonized by Dr. Hayes.

Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT, Mr. HARRISON,
and Mr. BARTLEMAN.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest ;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast ;
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

C

SONG. Master ELLIOTT.

(TIME AND TRUTH.)

Handel.

Dryads, Sylvans, with fair Flora,
Come, adorn this joyful place !
Come, fair Iris, and Aurora,
This is our festival to grace.

CHORUS.

Lo! we all attend on Flora
To adorn this joyful place !
Iris comes with fair Aurora,
This your festival to grace.

MASQUE in MACBETH.

Locke.

FIRST PART.

1st Witch. Mr. SALE.

Speak, sister, speak ; is the deed done ?

2d Witch. Mrs. HARRISON.

Long ago, long ago,
Above twelve glasses since have run :
Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Or single, but foll'wing crimes on former wait,
The worst of creatures fastest propagate :

1st Witch. Many more murders must this one ensue ,
Dread horrors still abound
In ev'ry place around,
As if in death were found
Propagation new.
He shall, he will,
He must spill
Much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

CHORUS.

He shall, he will,
He must spill
Much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1st Witch. Now let's dance,

2d Witch. Agreed, agreed:

CHORUS.

Agreed, agreed,
We should rejoice when good men bleed.

AIR. Mr. SALE. >

When cattle die, about we go;
When light'ning and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks asunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?

CHORUS.

Rejoice—we should rejoice.

AIR. Mr. SALE.

When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And mortals die despairing,
What should we do?

CHORUS.

Rejoice—we should rejoice.

D

AIR. Mrs. HARRISON.

Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death :
Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel ;
To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
Where still the mill-clack does keep time :
Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we,
And thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum ;
Sometimes we dance in fens or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs ;
Or if with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.

CHORUS.

At the night-raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble, we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To the echoes from a hollow hill.

CONCERTO 11th.

Corelli.

MASQUE in MACBETH.

Locke.

SECOND PART.

CHORUS.

Come away, come away,
Make up the account.

AIR. Mr. SALE, and CHORUS.

Now we go, now we fly,
MALKING, my sweet spirit, and I:
O what a dainty pleasure is this,
To sail in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy, and kiss:
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over hills, and misty fountains,
Over steeples, towns, and turrets,
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.

CHORUS.

Round, around, around about;
All ill come running in,
All good keep out.

CHORUS. (ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (ARMINIUS.) *Handel.*

Posso morir ma vivere
Vivere e non amore
Oh Dei l'alma de affetti miei nò, nò,
Non posso nò, nò.

Se amor da vita all'anima
Tor mi dal Seno Amore
Senza involarmi il cor no non si puô.
Dà Capo.

CHORUS. (SAUL.)

Handel.

How excellent thy name, O Lord !
In all the world is known !
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne !

AIR. Miss JACKSON.

An infant rais'd by thy command,
To quell thy rebel foes,
Could fierce Goliath's dreadful hand
Superior in the fight oppose.

TRIO-CHORUS.

Along the monster Atheist strode,
With more than human pride ;
And armies of the living God,
Exulting in his strength, defy'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

The youth inspir'd by thee, O Lord !
With ease the boaster slew ;
Our fainting courage soon restor'd,
And headlong drove that impious crew.

CHORUS.

How excellent thy name, O Lord !
In all the world is known !
Above all heavens, O King ador'd,
How hast thou set thy glorious throne !

HALLELUJAH.

END OF THE NINTH CONCERT.

FOR THE

Concert of Ancient Music

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1800

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square, previous to the First of January 1801, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by

CHESTERFIELD,
UXBRIDGE,
DARNLEY,
FITZWILLIAM,
GREY DE WILTON.

March 19th, 1800.



(No. 10.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
Earl **FORTESCUE.**

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Atalanta.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Hence, loathed Melancholy. } (*L'Allegro*) *Handel.*
SONG. Mirth, admit me. }
CHORUS. See, from his post. (*Belshazzar.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Softly rise, O southern. } (*Solomon.*) *Dr. Boyce.*
CHORUS. Ye southern breezes. }
CONCERTO 6th. (*from his Solos.*) *Geminiani.*
RECIT. acc. He chose a mournful. }
SONG. He sung, Darius. } (*Alex's Feast*) *Handel.*
RECIT. With downcast looks. }
CHORUS. Behold, Darius. }
TRIO & CHORUS. We the spirits. (*Ind. Queen.*) *Purcell.*
RECIT. Alma del gran. } (*Julius Cæsar.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Piangerò la sorte. }
RECIT & CHO. From harmony. (*Dryden's Ode*) *Handel.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. (*Opera Quarto.*) *Avison.*
FUNERAL ANTHEM. *Handel.*
QUINTET. Dominus a Dextris. *Leo.*
SONG. Let the dreadful engines. *Purcell.*
SONG. Tyrants would in. } (*Athalie.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Tyrants ye in vain. }
RECIT. Great Queen be calm. } (*Athalie.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Gentle airs. }
CONCERTO 10th. *Corelli.*
MADRIGAL. Lady, when I behold. *Wilbye.*
CHORUS. Join voices. *Galliard.*

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(ATALANTA.)

Handel.

RECIT. Master ELLIOTT. (L'ALLEGRO.) *Handel.*

HENCE, loathed Melancholy !
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But haste thee, Mirth, and bring with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.

SONG.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee.
In unreprieved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night:
Then, to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow.

CHORUS.

(BELSHAZZAR.)

Handel.

See from his post EUPHRATES flies,
The stream withdraws its guardian wave,
Fenceless the queen of cities lies.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, dost thou leave
Thy charge to hostile arms a prey?
Expose the lives thou ought'st to save,
Prepare the fierce invaders' way,
And, like false man, thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

EUPHRATES hath his task fulfill'd,
But to divine decree must yield,
While BABEL, queen of cities reign'd,
Her flood, her guardian, was ordain'd.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Why, faithless river, like false man,
Thy trust betray?

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now to superior pow'r give place,
And but the doom of Heav'n obey.

FULL CHORUS.

Of things on earth, proud man must own,
Falsehood is found in man alone.

B

SONG. Mr. NIELD. (SOLOMON.) *Dr. Boyce.*

Softly rise, O southern breeze,
And kindly fan the blooming trees ;
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes, gently blow,
That sweets from ev'ry part may flow.

CONCERTO 6th. (FROM HIS SOLOS.) *Geminiani.*

RECIT. acc. Mrs. HARRISON.

(ALEXANDER'S FEAST.) *Handel.*

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse.

(7)

SONG.

He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

RECIT.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below,
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Behold, Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood ;
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

TRIO. and CHORUS. (INDIAN QUEEN.) *Purcell.*

We the spirits of the air,
That of human things take care,
Out of pity now descend,
To forewarn what woes attend.

DUET.

Greatness cloy'd with scorn decays,
With the slave no empire stays.

CHORUS.

We the spirits, &c. *Da Capo.*

DUET.

Cease to languish then in vain,
Since never to be lov'd again.

CHORUS.

We the spirits, &c. *Da Capo.*

RECIT. Madame BANTI. (JULIUS CÆSAR.) *Handel.*

Alma del gran Pompeo,
Che al cener suo d'intorno,
Invisibil t'aggiri,
Fur ombra i tuoi trofei,
Ombra la tua grandezza, e un' ombra sei !
Così termina al fine il fasto umano ;
Jer, chi vivo occupò un mondo in guerra,
Oggi rivolto in polve un urna serra :
Tal di ciascuno, ah! lasso !
Il principio è di terra, e il fine un sasso.
Misera vita ! o quanto è fral tuo stato !
Ti forma un soffio, e ti distrugge un fiato.

SONG.

Piangerò la sorte mia
Si crudele e tanto ria
Finchè vita in petto avrò :
Ma poi morta, d' ogni intorno,
Il tiranno e notte e giorno,
Fatta spettro, agiterò.

Piangerò, &c.

Da Capo.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE) *Handel.*

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
This universal frame began.

RECIT. acc.

When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head ;
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, arise, ye more than dead !
Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's pow'r obey.

CHORUS.

From harmony, from heav'nly harmony
This universal frame began ;
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 4th. (OPERA QUARTO.) *Avison.*

FUNERAL ANTHEM. *Handel.*

QUARTETTO. Mrs. HARRISON, Mr. HARRISON,
Mr. Wm. KNYVETT, and Mr. SALE.

WHEN the ear heard him, then it blessed him;
and when the eye saw him, it gave witness of him.

CHORUS. -

He delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless,
and him that had none to help him. Kindness,
meekness, and comfort, were in his tongue : if there
was any virtue, and if there was any praise, he
thought on those things.

QUARTETTO.

His body is buried in peace.

CHORUS.

But his name liveth evermore.

QUINTETTO.

Leo.

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON ;

Messrs. NIELD, Wm. KNYVETT, and BARTLEMAN.

Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die iræ suæ
Regis : judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas,
Conquassabit capita in terrâ multorum ; de torrente
In viâ bibet ; propterea exaltabit caput.

SONG, Mr. BARTLEMAN. *Purcell.*

Let the dreadful engines of eternal will,
The thunder roar, and crooked lightning kill ;
My rage is hot as theirs', as fatal too,
And dares as horrid execution do.

Or let the frozen North its rancour show,
Within my breast far greater tempests grow,
Despair's more cold than all the winds can blow.

Can nothing warm me ? yes, Lucinda's eyes ;
There, Etna ; there, Vesuvius lies
To furnish hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies !

Ye powers ! I did but use her name,
And see how all the meteors flame !
Blue lightning flashes round the court of Sol,
And now the globe more fiercely burns than once
at Phaeton's fall.

Ah ! where are now those flow'ry groves,
Where Zephyr's fragrant winds did play ?
Where guarded by a troop of loves,
The fair Lucinda sleeping lay.

There sung the nightingale and lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay ;
We ne'er grew sad 'till it grew dark ;
And nothing fear'd but short'ning day.

I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate,
Why must I burn for this ingrate ;
Cool it, cool it then and rail,
Since nothing, nothing will prevail.

Can nothing warm me ? yes, Lucinda's eyes ;
There, Etna ; there, Vesuvius lies
To furnish hell with flames,
That mounting reach the skies !

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Tyrants would, in impious throngs,
Silence his adorers' songs ;
But shall Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute ?

CHORUS.

Tyrants, ye in vain conspire ;
Wake the lute, and strike the lyre.
Why should Salem's lyre and lute
At their proud commands be mute ?

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON. (ATHALIA.) *Handel.*

Great Queen, be calm;—these fears I deem
The birth of a delusive dream!
Let HARMONY breathe soft around,
For sadness ceases at the sound.

SONG.

Gentle airs, melodious strains,
Call for raptures out of woe: —
Lull the regal mourner's pains,
Sweetly soothe her as you flow. *Da Capo.*

CONCERTO 10th.

Corelli.

MADRIGAL.

Wilbye.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles, deck the arbours;
And then behold your lips, where sweet Love
harbours;
Mine eyes present me with a double doubting.
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

E

Lord GREY (18) WILTON

Concert of Ancient Music

CHORUS.

Galliard.

Join voices all ye living souls: ye birds
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

END OF THE TENTH CONCERT.

Handwritten signature



(No. 11.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 1800.

ACT I.

- OVERTURE. (Justin.) Handel.
- ANTHEM, composed for the Coronation
of King George II. "Let thy hand." } Handel.
- SONG. Mentre dormi. Pergolesi.
- CONCERTO 4th. (Opera Seconda.) Geminiani.
- RECIT. Ye sons of Judah. }
- SONG. Great God, from whom. } (Alex. Balus.) Handel.
- CHORUS. These are thy gifts. }
- RECIT. 'Tis false, avaunt. } (Alex. Balus.) Handel.
- SONG. Mighty Love now calls. }
- CANZONETT. Soft Cupid. Travers.
- SONG. Allor che il vento. (Siroe.) Lampugnani.
- RECIT. acc. Rejoice my countrymen. } (Belshaz.) Handel.
- CHORUS. Sing, O ye heav'ns. }

ACT II.

- CONCERTO 1st. (from his Trios.) Martini.
- SONG. Se possono tanto. S. Bach.
- CHORUS. He rebuked. (Israel in Egypt.) Handel.
- CONCERTO 5th. Corelli.
- SESTETTO. In braccio a te la. (Justin.) Handel.
- RECIT. May he return. }
- SONG. To God who made. } (Alex. Balus.) Handel.
- CHORUS. Sun, moon, and stars. }
- SONG. If guiltless blood. (Susanna.) Handel.
- SONG. To God, our strength. } (Occ. Oratorio.) Handel.
- CHORUS. Prepare the Hymn. }

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ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(JUSTIN.)

Handel.

ANTHEM.

Handel.

LET thy hand be strengthened, and thy right-hand
be exalted.

Let justice and judgment be the preparation of thy
seat.

Let mercy and truth go before thy face.

HALLELUJAH!

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. *Pergolesi.*

Mentre Dormi amor fomenti
Il piacer de, sonni tuoi
Coll' Idea del mio piacer.
Abbia il rio paffi più lenti
E sospenda i moti suoi
Ogni zeffiro leggier.

Da Capo.

CONCERTO 4th. Op. 2. *Geminiani.*

RECIT. Mr. NIELD. (ALEX. BALUS.) *Handel.*

Ye sons of Judah, with high festival,
Proclaim this happy day : The sword is ceas'd
In Israel. The captives are restor'd,
And Liberty, that life of life itself,
And soul of property, directs her sons
To praise the donor with extatic joy.

SONG.

Great God ! from whom all blessings spring,
Life, liberty and fame,
To Thee let grateful Judah sing
And magnify thy name.

CHORUS.

These are thy gifts Almighty King,
Life, Liberty, and fame ;
To thee let grateful Judah sing,
And magnify thy Name.

RECIT. MR. BARTLEMAN.

(ALEX. BALUS.)

Handel.

'Tis false, avaunt before I frown thee dead,
Bring me, my lords, the richest purple robe
And Ducal crown, much more deserves my friend,
My brother Jonathan : and more I will
Exalt thee, best of men, for sacred is
This Day, to Honour, Gratitude and Love.

(7)

SONG.

Mighty Love now calls to arm,
Hear the sound, the last alarm;
Lead, sweet Hymen, lead away.

Let no harsh discordant sound,
But love and joy be spread around. *Da Capo.*

CANZONET. *Travers.*

Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT & BARTLEMAN.

Soft Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire :

O raise thy voice, one song I ask,
Touch then th' harmonious string,
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be ;
None like Beauty's Queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I straight reply'd, thou know'st alone,
That brightest Chloe rules my breast ;
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more
I'll crave ; he promis'd me success,
I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
My glowing passion to express.

But, O my Chloe, beauteous maid,
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow ?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said ?
And by thy grant his power show.

SONG. Madame BANTI. (SIROE.) *Lampugnani.*

Allor che il vento freme
Sembra che irata l'onda
Corra a inondar la sponda
Fugga di seno al mar.

Ma giunta al lido appresso
Torna nel mare istesso
Placida a riposar.

Da Capo.

RECIT. acc. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(BELSHAZZAR.) *Handel.*

Rejoice my countrymen; the time draws near,
The long expected time herein foretold :
Seek now the LORD your GOD with all your heart,
And you shall surely find him: He shall turn
Your long captivity;—He shall gather
You from all the nations whither you
Are driven, and to your native land in peace restore you.

RECIT.

For long ago, whole ages, ere this Cyrus yet was born,
Or thought of. Great Jehovah, by his Prophet,
In words of comfort to his captive People
Foretold, and call'd by name the Wond'rous Man.

RECIT. acc.

Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus his anointed,
Whose right hand I have holden, to subdue
Nations before him: I will go before thee,
To loose the strong-knit loins of mighty kings,
Make straight the crooked places, break in pieces
The gates of solid brass, and cut in sunder
The bars of iron. For my servant's sake,
Israel my chosen, though thou hast not known me,
I have surnamed thee: I have girded thee:

That from the rising to the setting sun
The nations may confess I am the Lord,
There is none else, there is no God besides me.
Thou shalt perform my pleasure to Jerusalem,
Saying, "Thou shalt be built;" and to the Temple,
"Thy raz'd foundation shall again be laid."

CHORUS.

Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it :
Earth, from thy centre shout :
Break forth, ye mountains, into songs of joy :
O forest, and each tree therein :
Jehovah hath redeemed Jacob,
And glorify'd himself in Israel.

HALLELUJAH. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. (FROM HIS TRIOS.) *Martini.*

SONG. Mr. HARRISON. *S. Bach.*

SE possono tanto,
Due luci vezzose,
Son degne di pianto,
Le furie gelose,
D'un' alma infelice,
D'un povero cor.

CHORUS. (ISRAEL IN EGYPT.) *Handel.*

He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up.
He led them through the deep, as through a wilderness.
But the waters overwhelmed their enemies; there
was not one of them left.

CONCERTO 5th. *Corelli.*

SESTETTO. (JUSTIN.) *Handel.*

Madame BANTI, Mrs. HARRISON, Master ELLIOTT,
Messrs. HARRISON, W. KNYVETT, & BARTLEMAN.

In braccio a te la calma,
Del cor, del sen, del alma,
Mia caro al fin godrò.

In braccio a te mia vita,
Gia lieta amor m'invita,
Chi più bel di miro?

Mi rese il tuo valore
M'accumolo l' onore

Tutta { la pace al cor }
 { la gloria al cor }

Rinasce il se col d'or
Siam lieta in questo giorno
E sparga il suon d'intorno
Che doppio oscura velo
Risplende chiaro il Cielo
E da la pace al cor.

Cessate le procelle
Amiche abbiám le stelle,
Dell' fato abbiám la palma
Godiam felice calma
Rinasce il se col d'or.

RECIT. Mr. HARRISON.

(ALEX. BALUS.)

Handel.

May he return with laurel'd victory
On his glad brow : But oh ! I fear the Gods,
The creature gods he trusteth, cannot help ;
They are no Gods ; but mere delusion all.

SONG.

To God, who made the radiant sun,
And fix'd him in his central throne ;
The paler moon, and every star
That darts his beamy light from far :
To him, Almighty, greatest, best,
Jehovah, Lord of hosts confest,
All victory belongs !
To him alone 'tis Judah's care
To offer up their humble pray'r,
And tune their grateful song.

CHORUS.

Sun ; moon ; and stars ; and all the host of Heav'n,
To great Jehovah ! be all glory giv'n ;
On his creating, his all-saving pow'r,
Judah shall call, and him alone adore.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (SUSANNA.) *Handel.*

If guiltless blood be your intent,
I here resign it all;
Fearless of death, as innocent,
I triumph in my fall:
And, if to fate my days must run,
Oh, righteous Heav'n! thy will be done!

SONG. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

To God, our strength, sing loud and clear;
To Jacob's God, that all may hear,
Loud acclamations ring;
Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring;
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

CHORUS.

Prepare the hymn, prepare the song,
The timbrel hither bring;
The cheerful psaltry bring along,
And harp with pleasant string.

END OF THE ELEVENTH CONCERT.

(No. 15.)

SEVERAL Persons having thought proper, during the present Season, to refuse paying their Subscriptions to the Antient Concert, notwithstanding their Names had remained upon the List of Subscribers after Notice given, previous to the Close of the last Year's Performances; it is found necessary to declare, that all Persons now Subscribers to the said Concert, who shall omit to send a Notice of their Intention *not to subscribe* to the said Concert the ensuing Season, to JOHN KEYSALL, Esq. No. 15, *Upper Gower Street, Bedford Square*, previous to the First of *January* 1801, will be considered as Subscribers, and called upon as such for their Subscriptions.

Signed by CHESTERFIELD,
 UXBRIDGE,
 FORTESCUE,
 DARNLEY,
 FITZWILLIAM,
 GREY DE WILTON.

March 19th, 1800.



(No. 12.)

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Lord GREY DE WILTON,
For the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

Concert of Antient Music,

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1800.

ACT I.

OVERTURE. (*Alex. Balus.*) } *Handel.*
CHORUS. Flush'd with conquest. }
DUET. I'll proclaim. (*Esther.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. Thus far our cause. }
RECIT. acc. O-thou bright orb. } (*Joshua.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. Behold the list'ning. }
CONCERTO 9th. *Geminiani Corelli.*
SONG. What passion cannot. (*Dryden's Ode.*) *Handel.*
RECIT. I feel, I feel the deity. }
SONG. Arm, arm ye brave } (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. We come, we come. }
SONG. Rasserena il mesto. *Gluck.*
MOTETT. Qui diligit. *Steffani.*

ACT II.

CONCERTO 6th. (*Opera Terza.*) *Geminiani.*
CHORUS. May God from whom. (*Occ.Oratorio*) *Handel.*
SONG. As with rosy steps. (*Theodora.*) *Handel.*
ODE to MELANCHOLY. Hence, all ye vain. *Webbe.*
RECIT. acc. Ah che Siveno. }
SONG. Disperata invan. } *Perez.*
DUET. O never bow we down. } (*Judas Macc.*) *Handel.*
CHORUS. We never will bow. }
CONCERTO 12th. *Corelli.*
RECIT. Thus far my wishes. } (*Alex. Balus.*) *Handel.*
SONG. Virtue, thou ideal name. }
CORONATION ANTHEM. My heart is inditing. *Handel.*

PRINTED BY SAMPSON LOW, BERWICK STREET.



ACT I.

OVERTURE.

(ALEX. BALUS.)

Handel.

CHORUS.

FLUSH'D with conquest, fir'd by Mithra,
Fountain of eternal rays,
Sing we to Balus, sing we to Mithra,
Songs of triumph, songs of praise.

DUET. Master ELLIOTT and Miss TENNANT.

(ESTHER.)

Handel.

I'll proclaim the wond'rous story
Of the mercies I receive,
From the day springs dawning glory,
'Till the fading day of eve.

All the blessings Heav'n is lending,
Will defend our grateful lays;
To his radiant throne ascending,
Wafted on the wings of praise.

In exalted rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy days;
All our grateful pow'rs combining,
To declare his endless praise.

RECIT. Mr. SALE. (JOSHUA.) *Handel.*

Thus far our cause is favour'd by the Lord:
Advance, pursue—Jehovah is the word.

RECIT. acc. Mr. NIELD.

O thou bright Orb, great ruler of the day !
Stop thy swift course, and over Gibeon stay ;
And oh ! thou milder lamp of light, the Moon,
Stand still, prolong thy beams in Ajalon.

CHORUS.

Behold the list'ning Sun the voice obeys,
And in mid heaven his rapid motion stays !
Before our arms the scatter'd nations fly ;
Breathless they pant, they yield, they fall, they die.

CONCERTO 9th.

Geminiani Corelli.

SONG. Mrs. HARRISON. (DRYDEN'S ODE.) *Handel.*

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the corded shell
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship the celestial sound:
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

(JUDAS MACC.)

Handel.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright cherubin between,
His radiant glory erst display'd;
To Israel's distressful pray'r
He hath vouchsaf'd a gracious ear,
And points out Maccabæus to their aid.
Judas shall set the captive free,
And lead us on to victory.

SONG.

Arm, arm, ye brave ; a noble cause,
The cause of Heav'n your zeal demands !
In defence of your nation, religion and laws,
The Almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright array,
Judas, thy sceptre to obey !

(8)

SONG. Madame BANTI. *Gluck.*

Rasserena il mesto ciglio
Non è ver, non vado a morte ;
Vò con lieta, e fausta sorte
Il mio fato ad incontrar.

MOTTET. *Steffani.*

CHORUS.

Qui diligit Mariam, diligit vitam.

SOLO. Mr. BARTLEMAN.

Tempus est de somno surgere ;
O mortalis, quid cunctaris
Cur in tenebris moraris ?
Mentem eleva sopitam.

CHORUS.

Qui diligit Mariam, diligit vitam.

DUET. Mrs. HARRISON and Master ELLIOTT.

Non pavescat lethales horrores
Qui Mariam honorat et amat ;
Audit pia si vocat, si clamat ;
In solamen convertit dolores.

CHORUS.

Hæc mater pulchræ dilectionis,
Hæc fons totius consolationis ;
Sola sola Maria
Est mundi clara lux, et cœli via.
Hæc potest flagella
Dirimere bella
Perdere vindiçtas,
Rumpere sagittas,
Frangere telum :
Qui diligit Mariam, possidet cœlum.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

CONCERTO 1st. (OPERA TERZA.) *Geminiani.*

CHORUS. (OCCASIONAL ORATORIO.) *Handel.*

MAY God from whom all blessings spring,
Bless the true Church and save the King.

AIR. Mr. W. KNYVETT and Mr. GORE.

With firm united hearts we all,
Will conquer in his cause or fall.
May God from whom all mercies spring,
Bless the true Church, and save the King.

CHORUS.

Bless the true Church, and save the King.

SONG. Master ELLIOTT. (THEODORA.) *Handel.*

As with rosy steps the morn,
Advancing, drives the shades of night ;
So from virtuous toils well born,
Raise thou our hopes of endless light.
Triumphant Saviour ! Lord of Day !
Thou art the life, the light, the way. *Da Capo.*

ODE to MELANCHOLY, (Six Voices.) *Webbe.*

~~Mrs. HARRISON,~~ ~~Master ELLIOTT,~~
~~Mr. W. KNYVETT,~~ ~~Mr. HARRISON,~~ ~~Mr. NIELD,~~
and ~~Mr. BARTLEMAN.~~

Hence, all ye vain delights !
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly !
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy ;
Oh ! sweetest Melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies ;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground ;
A tongue chain'd up—without a sound.
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely hous'd—save bats and owls.

A midnight bell ! a parting groan !
These are the sounds we feed upon !

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,
Nothing so dainty sweet as MELANCHOLY !

RECIT. acc. Mr. HARRISON. *Perez.*

Ah ! che Siveno oh Dio,
Sparve dagl' occhi miei
Come non moro à così gran dolor.
Ma quai lamenti—ahi che questa
E' la voce del mio ben moribondo
Ah qual succede, orribile silenzio
Oh quale ingombra, questa barbara reggia
Caligine funesta —
Ah che faceste empì ministri
Io voglio straparvi il cor dal sen.
Ma con chi parlo—Ah che il fiero
Dolore delirar mi fa
Son priva omai di consiglio,
E di scorta, e segno il fato
Ove à perir mi porta.

SONG.

Disperata invan m'affanno
Chiamo invano il Ciel tiranno ;
S'ode solo i miei lamenti
Flebil Eco a replicar.

DUET. Miss TENNANT and Master ELLIOTT.

(JUDAS MACC.)

Handel.

O never, never bow we down
To the rude stock, or sculptur'd stone ;
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down,
To the rude stock or sculptur'd stone——
We worship God, and God alone.

}

CONCERTO 12th.

Corelli.

RECIT. Mr. BARTLEMAN. (ALEX. BALUS.) *Handel.*

Thus far my wishes thrive. With eager joy
Fond Alexander rushes on the toils,
Friend, brother, son, or whate'er he be
He falls; to my ambition. 'Twas for this
I gave him Cleopatra, and for this with
Other arts will strengthen our alliance;
Till I can work his ruin. Yes, I've fawn'd,
But only to devour, and soon will hurl
This happy monarch from his fancied throne,
To seat therein, whom I can better rule,
The young Demetrius.

SONG.

Virtue, thou ideal name,
All thy honours I disclaim;
Vain delight of coward minds.

Bold ambition knows no law,
Active souls like mine to awe,
Raging fierce as boist'rous winds. *Da Capo.*

ANTHEM.

Handel.

My heart is inditing of a good matter : I speak of
the things which I have made unto the king.

Kings daughters were among thy honourable
women.

Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in vesture
of gold ; and the king shall have pleasure in thy
beauty.

Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and queens thy
nursing mothers.

AND OF THE TWELFTH CONCERT.



